| The content of the

POSTRY OF THE PARIOD.

Semething Good. When over the fair fame of friend or for The blight of drap disgrace shall fall, instead Of words of blame, or proof of thus and so,

Forget not that no fellow-being yet May fall so low but love may lift his head; Bren the check of shame with tears is wet, If something good be said.

No pitving heart may vainly turn aside In ways of charity; no soul so dead

But may awaken strong and glorifled, If something good be said. And so I charge ye, by the thorny crown, And by the cross on which the Saviour bled, And by your own souls' hope of fair renown,

Let something good be said!

CHE Roses. From the Spertator.

Pale little sister of rich red roses, Wild little sister of rarden queens, Art those content that thy flower uncloses Here where the land to the ocean leans? They, where the lawns are soft and shaded, Hold their court and eyes that eaze; Thou by the lone sea hy'at, and faded Fall thy leaves in the salt sea sprays.

Smitten of every storm that blusters, Crushed by the mimic avalanche, Bravely still thy declate clusters Laugh from thicket and thorny branch, Raught may we know of all then knowest, All that the soft wind brings to thee? Under the cliff top where then growest Sail the ships to the open sea.

Art not thou and thy flowers clinging Ghosts of many a sad tars well. Finitering home from the ships, and bringing Tidings for loving hearts to teil?

Or art thou, rather, a blithe fore-comer, Blown by winds from the home ward ships, A kiss, turned flower in the breath of summer, A word that has quickened from eager lips? Nay, though sweet as the longed for hour, Fair as the face that we yearn to see, Nothing thou art but a simple flower. Growing where God has planted thee.

Unexpressed. From the New York Gherner, More clusive than a dream; Finer than a fairy's song. Than a rist of same gleam Through the woodland's leafy throng;

Subtle as a mercing glance, Dashed with tint of joy or pain, Are the vivid thoughts that trance The dull rapture of the brain.

Fancies, without words to tell.
Whence they come, or where depart,
Like will offers in the cell.
Of the rose, they haunt the heart.

What time in the lavish sprine.
The glad bosom thrills with blins,
Soft they glide on viewless wing,
Light, and vanish like a kiss. Whisper of a joy that's passed:
Touch the secret of a tear;
Glid a hope shar grannet inst;
Lisp a name thou weather not hear.

Birdlings are they of the mind, Leaving but a wizard trail; For, alsa, thou canst not find Where they turk behind the voil. Laughters from the eddring rill,

Mornaring a plaintive glee; Monotones that softly thrill From the billows of the sea. Passions, laden with a sight Matchless supsets in the soul; Sorrows that down deeply lie,
Which no earthly knell can ton.

Heights whereon, in heavenly mood, Hearts may mount in risapsody; Loves that poets of thave woodd In a moment's ecstary, Some without the voice they are; Music from a strangless lyre; Piecks of light that, faint and far, Lure the longings of desire.

Spirits of the earth and sky.

Plumed to chip the peopled air;
Seek not where they form or dy.

Thou canst never fathout where. Write them in a poet's rhyme!
Bind them to the lips of men!
Chain them with the tether, Time!
Nay, they'll sup thy narrow ken!

From Descon Richard South's Cincinnati Gazette Though the voice of modern schools lies demurred. Has demucred.

By the dreamy Asian creed.
The averred
That the souls or men, released.
From their bodies when deceased,
Sometimes enter in a heast—
Or a bird.

I have watched you long, Avice-Watched you so.

I have sound your secret out:

That the restless ribboned things.

Where your slope or shoulder springs.

Are but analysis loped wing a fractivity restless.

When you enter in a room It is stirred

With the way ward, flashing flight
Of a bird.
And you see at, and bring with you
Leaf and sun ray, bad and blue.
And the wind breath and the dew
At a word.

When you left me, only new,
In that furred,
Puffel and feathered Polish dress,
I was spurred.
Just to catch you, O my awest,
By the bodier trun and nest—
Just to feel your heart a best,
Lake a bird.

So I dare not woo you, Sweet So I dare not woo you, Sweet,
For a day,
Lest I lose you in a fiash,
Did I tell you tonder things,
You would start from him who sings,
And away,
Autum Do

AUSTIN DODSON

Grandpa's Barn. From Harper's Young People. Oh, a jolly old place is grandpa's bare,
Where the doors stand open throughout the day,
and the count dows fit via and out.
And the sir is sweet with the fragrant bay;

Where the grain has over the slippery floor.
And the hens are bushly looking around.
And the sunbann fileker, now here, now there.
And the breeze blows through with a merry sound, The swallows twitter and chirp all day,
with fluttering wines, in the old brown caves, And the rotins sing in the trees which lean To brush the roof with their rusting leaves.

O for the giad vacation time, When grandpa's barn will echo the shout Of merry children, who reme and play In the new-born freedom of school let cut;

Such scaring of doves from their cosey nests, Such hunting for eggs in the lofts so high, Till the frightened hene, with a cackle shrill, From their hidden treasures are fain to fly. Oh, the dear old barn, so cool, so wide! To the summer sunshine, the new-mown hay, And the merry ring of vacation song.

And the merry rine of vacation some For grandpa's barn is the jolliest place For froite and run on a sommer's day; And e'en old Time, as the years slip by. Its memory never can steal away MARY D. BRINE.

The Scarecrow. From Wife stimale. The farmer looked at his civery tree,
With thick bods clustered on every bough;
"I wish I could chear the robbits," said he;
If somebody only would allow me how.

"Pil make a terrible scarecrow grim, With threatening arms and with brisiling head, And up in the tree I'll fasten him.
To trighten them half to death," he said. He fasaloned a scarecrow lattered and torn-Oh, 'twas a horrible thing to see t

The blossoms were white as the light sea foam.
The beautiful tree was a leverly sight.
But the achievers stood there so much at home
That the birds flow screaoling away in fright.

But the robins, watching him day after day, with heads on one side and eyes so bright, Surveying the mounter, becan to say, "Why should this fellow our prospects blight? "He never moves round for the roughest weather.

He's a harmies, commed, tough old fellow;
Let's all go into the tree tegethe.

For he won't budge mit the fruit is mellow!"

So up they flow; and the shortest pair 'Mid the shady branches peered and perked, Selected a spot with the thinned care.
And all day merriy sang not worked.

And where do you think they built their neat? In the scarecrow's packet, it you pease, That, hall onecessed on his ranged breast, Make a charming covert of safety and case! By the time the cherries were ruly red

A thrixing monity, hungry and brisk, he whole day how on the ripe front led: 'Iwas se convenient! They saw no risk! Until the children were ready to fly,
All undistricted they fixed in the tree;
Por nobely thought to look at the Gay
For a robin's flourishing family)
Calla Tharran

The Rovers.

"I will return," the swallow said,
"To my sell hest once more;
My home beneats the streighting caves.
Of you gray cotting, framed in leaves,
Awaits me as of yor."
She belief and the swallow land.
One blue and the swallow land.
But where the linuse was wont to stand.
"I will return."

"I will return." the rever said.
"To the old love once there;
So true side is that well I know.
The heart that held I know.
The react that held me long sign.
Awate me as of you.
The came, when south winds sighing pass.
O'er fields of cowain gold:
But undermeath the treadiling grass.
Her heart lay suil and cold.
Saran Down.

SARAN DOUBREY.

SUNK BY A BIG ICEBERG.

ENCOUNTERED PAR SOUTH OF WHERB

GENERALLY BEEN.

The Story of Capt. Tecker of the British Bark Birdstow—All Hands Rescued After Spending Nineteen Hours in Open Bonts, Capt. J. B. Tooker of the British bark Birdstow of Windsor, N. S., arrived in this port yesterday with his wife and his crew of nine men, who were picked up at sea by Capt. Lambert of the ship Liverpool, fifty-two days from London, to this port, Capt. Tooker called at the office of Consul-General Archibald yesterday, and made a verbal report of his misfortune, by which his vessel was probably sunk after striking an iceberg on June 5, all on board being compelled to take to the boats. Mr. Archibald provided for the immediate wants of

port of the disaster within a few days. Birdstow was loaded with corn by Scammel Brothers for Gijon, Spain, She left this port on May 27. We had variable but moderate weather until the morning of June 5. At about 11% o'clock on the forencon of that day. when we were going along at the rate of six and a half knots an hour, under full sail, in the mides of a dease fog. I was in the cabin. The mate called to the man at the wheel: Helm hard down!? Knowing that something must be wrong. I ran on deck, just in time to see the bark come in collision with an iceberg. It was not fifteen seconds after the alarm that we struck. I should say that the iceberg was about 300 feet in diameter and 75 feet tall. It was aptarently old, of clear, hard ice, conical shaped. Evidently it had been meiting rapidly, as the marks of the water running down its side were plainly visible. I had no ides of meeting an iceberg in that locality, as it is far south of where they are generally seen. In my twenty years experience on the ocean I never saw nor heard of one in that latitude. It was in latitude 41° 40° north, longitude 51° 16° west; about ninety miles south of the Banks of Newfoundland and in the Guif Stream, I went forward and found two feet of water in the hold. I knew then that we could not save the vessel, for the grain in her was certain to swell, and would probably burst her. I ordered the boats ready to be lowered, I found that our stem had been carried away. The water was pouring in rapidly, and on sounding again in ten minutes I found the and one-half feet of water in the hold. Then I ordered all hands into the boats, and we alkandoned the ship. "Owing to the excellent conduct of my officers and men, we got off in good order and were prepared for a long sail. It was about an hour after the bark was then apparently full of water and settling fast. I have no doubt that in a very short time the grain burst her, and she went to the bottom. The last we saw of her she wind increased, and our long boat shipped considerable water; we kept her affoat by constant baling. About mothers he was no the sea on some that were hidden by the fog. In the night the wind increased, and our long boat shipped considerable water; we kept her affoat by constant baling. About mothers in the boats. Capt. La we were going along at the rate of six and a balf knots an hour, under full sail, in the midst

BULL FIGHTING IN NEW YORK.

The Favorite Spanish Entertainment, Shorn of its Horrors, to be Introduced

Angel Fernandez, proprietor of the bullfighting arena in Havana, is now erecting a frame building, to hold from 12,000 to 15,000 persons, in 116th street, between Seventh and St. Nicholas avenues, and will open it in the middle of July. A dozen torreros or bull fighters are to arrive from Europe in a fortnight, among whom will be Valdermoro, who was one of the three most skilful performers exhibiting before King Alfonso on his accession to the throne and at the periods of his two marriages. The duties of terreros are to worry the bulls by swaying red cloaks before their eyes, and, by various other modes of exciting anger, cause them to give chase. The torreros then run ranidly and spring over the barrier which separates the ring from the spectators. Though the bulls are generally very close in the rear, if rarely happens that a man is caught. In Spanish-speaking countries it is customary to forment the bull by cruel methods. Little spears with flars at one end are thrown into his neck. To these fireworks are sometimes attached. The poor brute is also pricked and worried in numerous ways. But it is understood that any annoyances practised upon the animals here will be entirely devoid of physical pain. The flarged spears will be thrown, but they will be binat and dipped in a sticky substance, which will cause them to adhere to the half of the bull. Three experimental entertainments will be given, and if they are well attended the exhibition may be continued for a longer time. ers are to arrive from Europe in a fortnight,

Food for the Bears.

The other day a lady, accompanied by her son, avery small boy, boarded a train at Little Rock. The woman had a careworn expression hancing over her lace like a tattered veil, and soany of the rapid questions asked by the boy were answered by unconscious sights.

"Ma," said the boy, "that man's like a baby, ain't her" pointing to a baid-headed man sitting just in front of them." Hoth!" From the St. Louis Times.

of them.
"Hush!"
"Why must I hush!"
"After a few moments' silonce: "Ma, what's the matter with that man's head!"
"Hush I til von He's bald."
"What's bald !"
"What's bald !!"
"His head hasn't tot any hair on it."
"Did it come off!"

"I guess so."
"Will mine come off ?"
"Seme time, may be."
"Then I'll be baid, won't I ?"

"Then I'll be baid, won't I?"
"Yes"
"Will you care !"
"Don't ask so many questions."
After another silence the boy exclaimed: "Ms, look at that fly on that man's head."
"If you don't hush I'll whip you when we get home."
Leok! There's another fly. Look at 'un fight-look at 'tem."
"Malam," said the man putting saids a newspaper and looking eround, "what's the matter with that young hyena!"
The woman blushed, stammered out something, and attempted to smooth back the beys hair.
"One fly, two flow livree flies," said the boy, innocently, following with his eyes a basket of oranges carried by the mewshoy.
"Here, you young hedgeheg," said the bald-headed man, "it you don't hush I'll have the conductor put you of the train."
The poor woman, not knowing what else to de, boxed the boy's ears, and then gave him an orange to keep him from crying.
"Ma, have I got red marks on my head!"

from crying
"Ma, have I gotted marks on my head?"
"I'd shay too maning you don't hash."
"Mister," said the boy, "does it hurt to be baid "Young-ter," said the man, "if you'll keep quiet PH

"Youngster," said the man, "if you'll keep quiet PR give you a quarter."

The beap promised and the money was paid over.
The man took as his paner and resimed his reading.
"This is my baid headed money," and the boy. When I see that headed I am going that boys money. Mister, have all baid-headed men go the boys money. Mister, the name of the seed of any force of the see and see and exclaimed. "Madam, hereafter when you travel have that young gordlant home. Hithertol always thought that the oil profile of no making sport of his head, but now I am forced to a force that he did a threshmate! I your how had he do here that he did a threshmate! I your how had he do here that he did a threshmate! I your how had he do here that he did a threshmate! I do not be considered and this trans Pil ride on the cow satcher rather than remain in here.
"The had nowled man is some," said the fow, and the woman learned back and he we a tred sigh from her lips.

Nothing Left to Holler On.

Press the Detroit Press Press.

An hour or so after the latest and last from Chicago vestering attention, a bolicemen on Randolph street haired at the dear of a sahoon and asked the proprietor how he bleet the nomination. I down care for bolities any more," was the repty.

Why what's the matter? You were greatly excited yrsterfar." I vinas den I vhas a food. Vhen det first hallet vhas daken I set op der peer for de Grant crawd, for I likes to sthand a hell mit der poys."

"Yes"
"Then a pix crowdt rushes in here and wells out dot Jim
"Then a pix crowdt rushes in here and wells out der cuars," "Yes: I see" "Viell pooty soon comes mein brudder in and says I whas a hol, for dot belief Sherman would git all der votes poots queek. I thak off Sherman gits it men my base to der Poss Office, sore, and I calls in der poys and dails on to trink to my gandidate."
"Just we

delle sun to trink to my nandidate.

Just se
Just se
The seart when I goes to held but early in der
merinices some Aldermans come arounds bere und says;
Shaw, boilt pe a root. Edinands the iser man who will
kink em all to bleves. I ful I ofersa less keg of lagar
and delle setrypody I what an Robundale man, and I pel
ser thank he what wated in his monor mein poy what
for Plant, mein brudder, whis or Sherman, and I what
for Plante, and where je does live kegs of lager do? hadd
de morning? When I sees more mein frow she suit I
what zwei tools, and I locks up der saloon unit goes to
bed!"

Well, have you heard who was nominated?"

Irreverent Plety.

From the World It was dinner time in a select boarding house when this new boarder arrived. He was a velocities should be and when the new boarder arrived. He was a velocities looking contienan, with silvery hair, and his tace beamed with a sweet repose her tokening a pitte and half life. As he joined the table the landlady soil, "Would you ask a blessing, are? The venerable stranger should," You'll have to talk lender, marrin, I'm so ded deal."